THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 7, 1808.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 26.

EUGENIO TO ELLEN.

I Stand convicted of a breach of promise, in not writing you more frequently; and when I look at the date of my last letter, I feel the full force of conscious guilt. In such cases it is customary to renew a correspondence, by a long string of apologies, or *genteel falsehoods;* but I need not inform a person of *your* good sense, of the impropriety and inefficacy of so ridiculous a fashion.

We have now advanced a short way in a new year! alas! how swiftly are we hurried forward in the progress of life—in the approach to eternity. When we revert the eye of memory to the earliest period of recollection, the circumstances of our youth seem but the visions of yesterday; and should our lives be prolonged to the age of Methusalem, the retrospect would be the same. The commencement of a fresh circle of time, is a subject well calculated to excite reflection; to examine ourselves strictly, in respect to our past conduct; to scrutinize our present proceedings; and to ascertain how far we have acted, or continue to act, so as to entitle us to the hope of happiness hereafter. But how few, how very few, Ellen, out of the mass of mankind (and of that part of mankind, too, *called* Christians) ever think *at all;* except, indeed, of fresh sources of dissipation, in which they may lose every painful idea in the vortex of fashion and folly! How is the new year welcomed? Is it with songs of gratitude for past favours, and by prayers to Heaven for their continuance?—No.

Riot sways with renovated vigour; the noise of the midnight dance bursts on the startled ear of contemplation, aided by the demonic shouts of brutish bacchinals. I am not for prescribing a rigid system of unsociable austerity; but when I see beings, endowed with reason, prostrating that noble gift to the idol of levity and intemperance, I feel a just indignation at the humiliating view they afford of *British* Christianity!! Is it not a common case, that people act in direct opposition to the tenets of their professed religion? acknowledging the omnipotence and omniscience of God, at the same time that they set his vengeance at defiance, by a notorious disregard of his commands. What strange infatuation!! Were men to proceed so inconsistently in the common concerns of life—were they to swear obedience to a prince, at the moment they were trampling on his laws, should we not brand such wretches with infamy and disgrace? or would not insanity be deemed a lenient plea to rescue them from destruction? If, then, 'tis madness to offend against human laws, what is it to despise *divine* ones?

The poet says, "All men think all men *mortal*, but themselves;" and I believe it may be added, that "All men think all men *sinners* but themselves." Oh what a mystery is man to man! Whilst we have sufficient penetration to discover the imperfections of our *neighbours*, self-love predominates *at home*. We are either blind to our *own* failings, or ingenious in palliating them. What is *sin* in others, is but *folly* in us!

Ah! what will *learning* avail, when the fatal sentence of death is pronounced? Persons, puffed up by the acquisition of extraordinary discernment in the wisdom of the world, will then perceive the insufficiency of their talents to quiet the apprehensions of a guilty conscience. However skilled in the boasted arts of human invention, they will be constrained to acknowledge, that "all is but vanity and vexation of spirit." One single spark of divine instruction outshines the brightest meteor of worldly erudition.—You will not, Ellen, be displeased at my concluding with an extract from our favourite author!

Heaven bless you!—Such is the prayer of

X. EUGENIO.

The path to bliss abounds with many a snare;
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
(Mention him, if you please, "Voltaire?" the same.)
With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied,
Liv'd long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and—*died!*
The scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew.

An

An infidel in health, but *what* when *sick?*
Oh! *then* a text would touch him at the quick.
View him at Paris in his last career,
Surrounding throngs the demi-god revere;
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fum'd with frankincense on every side,
He begs their flattery with his latest breath,
And, smother'd in't, at last is prais'd to death!
—Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content, tho' mean; and chearful, if not gay;
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance; and at night
Lies down secure—her head and pocket light.
She for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but, tho' her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
Just knows (and knows no more) her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to that treasure in the skies.
—Oh happy peasant! oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel—her's the rich reward;
He prais'd, perhaps, for ages yet to come;
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He lost in errors, his vain heart prefers;
She safe in the simplicity of her's.
Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
In science, win one inch of heavenly ground.
And is it not a mortifying thought,
The poor should gain it, and the rich should not?

MR. EDITOR,

Allow me to drop into the Letter-Box an original anecdote; being an instance of ridiculous wit properly punished.

A punning gentleman of Oxford invited Mr. Thomas Mousthard (commonly called Mustard) of ——— College, to dine with him the next day at three o'clock, but when he arrived, his facetious friend, having just finished his dinner, made many apologies, but at last remarked, that the old saying was verified, "*After meat, mustard.*" Mr. Mousthard, justly irritated at this wanton insult, shewed that "His passion was as mustard strong;" and going up to the wit, he said, "You will excuse me, Sir, if, *as mustard*, I *take you by the nose*;" which he instantly did, and almost twisted it off.

V. U.

The editor, I am convinced, has too high a respect for the muses to discountenance the efforts even of their most humble votary. Seven years have elapsed since he gave an instance of it, by inserting the first of my juvenile performances in his entertaining miscellany; I presume, therefore, no hesitation will be made in adding the following fourteen lines, to the many thousands that have preceded them.

HOPE *and* MEMORY.

A SONNET.

When by adversity's rude tempest driv'n
Far from the port where all my wishes dwell,
'Tis thine, fond hope! to calm the billowy swell,
And clear the gloomy canopy of Heav'n.

From memory oft a chearing radiance darts,
As thro' her well-known paradise I roam;
But not like thine, the rapture she imparts,
Past joys are *her's—thine*, pleasures yet *to come.*

Faithless, I own thee; yet when sorrow lours,
Welcome, sweet hope, thy bright illusions prove!
And memory, too—thrice welcome! that restores
The long lost charms of friendship and of love.

Come, then, ye kindred sources of delight,
And pour your visions on my raptur'd sight.

X.

Account of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa; performed by his Majesty's Sloop Favourite, in the Year 1805.

(Continued from Page 177.)

ON the 27th of November we again weighed for the islands de Los. On the 29th we had five men taken ill with fever: they were attacked with pain in the head, vomiting, pain in the bowels, and sometimes complained of pain all over the body, attended with great lassitude, and a low, irritable, quick pulse. In the evening we came to an anchor, and we saw Cape Verga, bearing N. N. E. distant ten or twelve leagues. In the afternoon of the 30th we anchored, tiding it along shore, as the wind was contrary. During our passage, a female of Sierra Leone related to us the following story, which will shew the spirit of revenge, occasioned by jealousy in the native women. A slave-trader kept a native girl, of whom he was extremely

tremely fond: one day unfortunately some words arose, and he struck her over the eye; revenge immediately took possession of her mind, nor did she make it any secret that she was resolved to poison him. This the girl who related the story perfectly understood, and warned the gentleman of the fate that would attend him; begging of him not to permit her to cook his supper, but let the informant perform that service; this with some difficulty he consented to, still laughing at the idea of danger; but being soon afterwards thirsty, he hastily called for a glass of water, which was given to him by the native girl, whom he had assaulted; he drank it before the other could wrest the goblet from his hands, and as soon as the deadly potion was administered, the native burst into a loud fit of laughter. Soon after the victim clapped his hand to his breast, and exclaimed, "My God! I am poisoned!" The narrator immediately got him to bed, and sent for his friends, but he expired in a few hours. When his friends arrived and found him dead, they seized the girl, put a chain round her neck, and sold her as a slave.

Another instance, in which the attempt, however, proved abortive, is also worth relating. A black chief, who lives near Sierra Leone, married a settler of this colony, an American black: who, by her attention and industry by trading for him up the rivers, not only procured him riches, but respect and attention from the colony. According to his country's custom of having more wives than one, he took some from among his own nation, who soon became jealous of the first or head woman.* They attempted to poison her, but the plot was discovered; on which she fled, first returning him all his slaves and presents, declaring she never would cohabit with him again. On the other hand, he, almost distracted, took every means of discovering her, but in vain. At last a letter arrived from Liverpool, informing him of her affection and death.

On the 1st of December we read the articles of war to the ship's company; a custom which, by act of parliament, is obliged to be repeated every two months. We mistook the island of Matacovy for Temara. It appears a beautiful spot covered with trees and verdure, but has shoal water all round it: it is in the possession of the Mandingoes. On the 2d of December, having missed the islands, either from the incorrectness

* I have mentioned the chief female as head woman or first wife. Her privilege is to enjoy an entire command over the rest; and of this, in all but the circumstance specified, she makes a most despotic use. Her dress and ornaments are more rich, she follows her husband wherever he goes, and chuses such women as she wishes to be with her.

correctness of the charts, or uncertainty of the tides, and having now a fair wind for Sierra Leone, we returned and anchored again off Free Town. On the 10th we again got under weigh for those islands; the 12th we anchored about seven o'clock, four miles from Factory Island; went on shore with the captain and purser to the factory, where we found Mr. Frisk, an American gentleman, extremely ill with an ulcerated leg. It appeared to be an exfoliation of a part of the tibia, which he supposed was a disease called by them craw-craws; but this is a species of the itch, producing small white blotches on the skin, in the joints, between the fingers, and sometimes all over the body, and which easily gives way to preparations of sulphur and lime-juice. He said he would not submit it to the native mode of cure, as it would give him excruciating pain; this method is to bind a roasted lime on the diseased part. I gave him every medical assistance that lay in my power, in return for which he made me a present of two kids and a billender of oranges; he also made the captain a present of a very fine ox, and some goats. On our first landing here, the people belonging to this gentleman, thinking us French, ran into the woods, as did also his head woman, pulling off her cloth, and scampered away with great expedition. This factory consists merely of a few huts, and the island was purchased by another American of Rio Pongos, of the prince who owned it.

We next went to Crawford's Island, and called at Mr. Wilson's, who we found was gone to Sierra Leone; in his yard were a great number of slaves, which had been purchased of him, and re-landed from an American slave brig lying off this place, whose crew, from the captain to the lowest sailor, were laid up with fever; only a few female slaves were kept on board to attend them. This was the first time I saw the male slaves in chains. The women are never so confined. Two or more are chained together round their necks, with heavy padlocks on their breasts, round the ancles, or hand-cuffed. Those with chains were beating rice, but a melancholy gloom hung over their countenance; they frequently would rest, look at each other, and sigh. The women appeared more cheerful, and the girls did not seem to be much affected. The steward made the captain a present of a small pig. We then walked to another factory on the same island, the owner of which we found was in London; we were, however, handsomely treated by a young woman from Sierra Leone, named Betsy Walker, who gave us refreshments, presented to the captain some goats and pigs, and to myself a kid. She related that when she saw our vessel in the offing, she had resolved to collect the slaves, and remove the property into the woods, as she before had been twice obliged to do when the French effected a landing, by

which

which means she preserved the effects of her friend from plunder. She was continually on the watch with a glass, and, in short, she shewed so much attention to the trust reposed in her, so much affection and anxiety for his safe return, that I could not help reflecting on leaving her, "What is this difference of colour, that it should stigmatize the being who possesses it?" The house, superintended by this female, was in the most exact order; her slaves were at liberty and in perfect obedience, looking up to her as their protector and friend. Here is an extraordinary instance of a female, on an island where there is but another family; liable every moment to brutality from the attacks of the corsairs, or a whim of the petty kings of the opposite coast, defending herself, securing the property of her keeper, and obtaining the respect of all who surround her.

We watered at Temara; I went with the party; the water springs from a rock near the beach, and the casks must be rolled down. A party of black men who came down to the spot, said they were sure Mr. Williams would be very glad to see us. We therefore walked across the island, which is covered with underwood; and on the opposite side we came to the ruins of a village, and were shewn to the hut of their prince, Tom Williams, a stout young man, who spoke very good English: he told us he was very sorry he could offer us nothing but water, as he had but just returned to Temara, having had a war with a neighbouring king, who had destroyed his town, as we saw, and had taken a great number of his people; but he assured us that he had been fully revenged, and was now returned to re-build his town. He said he was taken to England when young, and lived a long time at Chester; but having happily returned to his own country, he fixed on this island, which belonged to him by right. His wives procured us some water, and offered to cook us some fowls, but we declined their politeness, and took our departure. It is necessary to remark here, that saluting is not the same as the English fashion; but is performed by one person holding out the hand open, over which the other draws his. One point of this island is called Tom Williams's Point, and on this his town is situated.

December the 16th, at four o'clock, Cape Sierra Leone bore S.W. ½ W. three or four miles. At a quarter past four the ship struck on a shoal of sand, called the Middle-Ground, the Cape bearing at this time S. W. nearly five miles. Hove the sails all aback, and sent the master away to sound. Finding it impracticable to get her off at that time, in consequence of the falling tide, we struck the lower yards and top-masts, and put them over the side to keep the ship upright. Boats were also employed in carrying out anchors, to heave her off.

At twenty minutes past five, came alongside to our assistance, Mr. M'Cawley, master of the Mary, and also a boat from the Arab; we started our water in the hold, and got every thing ready for heaving her off at high water. A. M. light airs and cloudy. At twenty minutes past twelve brought to the capstan, and endeavoured to heave her off, but without effect. At twenty minutes past nine a schooner came alongside, and carried out our bower anchor; she took on board also part of our guns. At ten the Arab came to our assistance. The 17th, early in the morning, all hands were employed at the capstan, and at three they hove her off into three fathoms water. At thirty minutes past three received a hawser from the Arab, and warped her off the bank, and at six anchored in seven and half fathoms. People were now employed in getting up the yards and topmasts, and at nine we weighed, and made sail. In the evening we anchored off Free-town, in eleven fathoms water.

(To be continued.)

A remarkable Instance of the Lives of Four Men being Providentially Saved.

ON the 7th of March, 1778, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, his Majesty's ship Yarmouth (Captain, now Admiral Vincent), being on a cruise in the latitude of Barbadoes, and about sixty leagues to the eastward of it, the man at the mast-head called down, that he saw several sail to leeward, and near each other. Soon after, there were discovered from the quarter-deck six sail: two ships, three brigs, and a schooner, on the starboard tack, all sails set, and close to the wind, then about N. E.

The captain and lieutenants made not the least doubt of their being American privateers; for even a single merchant ship, which was not provided with a letter of marque, was, perhaps, never seen upon a wind in the latitude of Barbadoes, and forty or fifty leagues to the eastward of it, and the wind at the same time easterly. The Yarmouth accordingly bore down upon them, and about nine o'clock got very near to the largest of the two ships, which began to fire her broadsides before the Yarmouth fired upon her; and in about a quarter of an hour she blew up, being then on the Yarmouth's lee-beam, and not above three or four ships' length distant. The damage the Yarmouth sustained by the explosion, in her masts, sails, and rigging, was prodigious; and she had five men killed, and twelve wounded. A great variety of articles were thrown into her; one, an entire American ensign, which was not even singed or torn.

This happened between nine and ten o'clock Saturday night. On the Thursday following, the Yarmouth, being in chase of a ship, steering about west, (the wind in the N. E. quarter) the man at the mast-head called down to the officer on the quarter-deck, that he saw something on the water, abaft the beam (the starboard), but could not tell what to make of it. A question immediately arose, what was to be done? If the Yarmouth hauled up to see what it was, there would be no chance of coming up with the chase before dark; and so a prize might be lost.* Humanity, however, pleaded for it, and prevailed. The Yarmouth hauled for wind accordingly, and, by the help of a spy-glass, discovered four men, who seemed to be standing in the water, for what supported them was not, at first, visible. In two or three hours the Yarmouth got up to the little raft they stood upon, and brought them on board. The captain and lieutenants were greatly surprised to find they belonged to the ship which had been blown up the preceding Saturday. So that they had been five whole nights, and nearly as many days, floating on the waves, and buried alive, as it were, under the vault of heaven. Being young and hardy, they did not seem much discomposed. They said they were not hungry, though they had not eaten any thing, but thirsty, and very sleepy; a bason of tea, and a hammock to each, soon restored them. When they arose, the only complaint they had was, that of their feet being greatly swollen by having been so long in the water.

The account they gave of themselves was only this—that they were quartered in the captain's cabin, and thrown into the water without receiving any hurt. They could give no account by what accident the ship blew up.

Being good swimmers, they got hold of some spars and rope, with which they made the raft on which they were found; and, providentially for them, they picked up a blanket, which served them as a reservoir of water; for during the time they were on the raft, there fell some showers of rain, of which they saved as much as they could, in their blanket, sucking it from time to time, which, no doubt, preserved all their lives.

On the arrival of the Yarmouth, two days after, at Barbadoes, proper officers came on board, in order to take the depositions of those four men, respecting the blowing up of the ship, &c. and particularly, as to the number of men on board her when the action began; for without a certificate to this

* No prize was lost. The ship the Yarmouth hauled off from, was a West-India merchant man, bound to Barbadoes. The master of her came on board the Yarmouth, after her arrival there two days after. She had a letter of marque, and was upon a wind when the Yarmouth first saw her.

purpose, the treasurer of the navy has no authority to pay the head-money allowed by government, which is five pounds a head, and which on this occasion came to fifteen hundred and twenty-five pounds. Thus the little act of humanity abovementioned seems to have been rewarded.

They deposed, that the ship which blew up, was called the Randolph, of thirty-six guns, of which twenty-six were twelve pounders; her complement of men three hundred and fifteen. The other ship was called the General Moutray, but the number of her guns, and complement of men, or the force of the three brigs, Admiral Vincent told the writer of this account he could not precisely ascertain. The schooner was a prize.

The captain of the Randolph was the commodore of this little squadron, which had sailed from Charles-town, South Carolina, about a month; fitted out with the design of attacking the island of Tobago, for which they were steering when they first saw the Yarmouth.

On the Modern Style of Female Dress.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

I Have lately returned to England, after an absence of nearly twenty years, and, of course, find many alterations in the manners and customs of its inhabitants. Of these, however, none have surprised me more than the present late hours generally adopted by people of fashion, and the modern style of the dress of the ladies. Both these changes obtruded themselves on my notice the very evening after my arrival in London, when going with a friend to the opera, I observed that, although the pit, in which we were, was soon quite full, yet the boxes remained perfectly empty 'till long after the opera had begun, or, at least, were only occupied by the persons keeping places for the fashionable world, who now, it seems, dine so late that they seldom attend this amusement much before the beginning of the first ballet.

At length, they began to fill, when the first thing that struck me, was the great apparent increase of indecorum; for, whereas the women of the town used, in my days, to confine themselves to the upper slips, or to the back of the front boxes of the theatres, they appeared now to thrust themselves into the side-boxes of the opera, which I remembered as the peculiar resort of the nobility, and principal families in town. When I hinted this to my friend, "Women of the town!" he exclaimed, "why whom do you mean?" I pointed to some ladies, whose bosoms were exposed in a manner that I never saw before

before, except under the piazzas of Covent-Garden, of an evening, or in some of the most nocturnal street-walkers. "Surely," said I, "they are of no other description, unless they are of a higher order of demireps, and kept by men of fashion."

"I am very glad," said my friend, "to hear those remarks from you; for coming from a *stranger* they bring the matter of female attire to a proper test; as whatever appears indelicate to an unprejudiced person, cannot be strictly decorous. And I am afraid that, as the boxes continue to fill, you will find sufficient reason to exclaim *tempora mutantur.*" "*Tempora mutantur*, indeed," said I, "*et nos mutantur in illis.*" A change of this kind, and to this extent, (which fashion may, indeed, be termed *à la fille de joïe,*) I could hardly have credited, had I not seen it with my own eyes. I still, however, imagined, that this was only an opera-dress, intended, as it were, to keep the dancers in countenance, and as such, confined to our fashionable London belles of the *haut ton*. I could not conceive that a practice so repugnant to female delicacy could spread beyond the circle of fashion, and extend to domestic life.

With this hope I left the opera, and on the next day went, by appointment, to dine with my sister, the widow of a wine-merchant in the city, whose three daughters, children when I left them, were now grown up. As before I left England, four used to be the family hour, I made some allowance for the difference of times, and thought I would stay 'till half an hour later before I made my appearance; at which time, I accordingly went, but found the ladies not yet returned from their *morning* visits. They soon came in, however, and beginning to apologize for not being in the way to receive me, as they had not expected me so soon, observed that *nobody* dined now before half past five or six. At the first sight of my nieces, I was very glad to find that, although they were neatly and handsomely dressed, there were no exposures, except of their pretty faces and their *red* elbows, which latter, as it excited no indelicate idea, I thought of little consequence, though I could not wonder at any thing becoming fashionable, which was so far from being ornamental. It seemed, however, that, considering me, not as a stranger, but as an uncle, they did not dress 'till after dinner for the evening, when a large party being invited to meet me, they repaired to their toilettes before we adjourned to the drawing-room, where, at length, I found them, and several other ladies, of different ages, all in the same state of *undress* I had observed at the opera, and even in more respects than I could have perceived there, as by means of modern *invisible petticoats*, and transparent drapery, there were exposures below, as well as above.

My nieces retiring to their chambers as soon as the company dispersed, I could not help making a few remarks to my sister, upon what appeared so strange to me, and expressing my concern at it; and I was glad to find that she entirely coincided in opinion with me. "But why then," said I, "do you suffer your daughters to appear as they have just done?" "Alas!" replied she, "what can I do? When this absurd fashion first came out, I congratulated myself that my girls were young, and hoped by the time they grew up, it would have had its run; or if not, determined, at least, that they should not enter into it. You see, however, it still continues; and when it became time for me to exert my power, though I did it in the gentlest manner, it produced only sullenness and discontent, as the young women of their acquaintance rallied them on their unfashionable modesty, and my eldest daughter at length told me, that, though she should certainly not dress in opposition to my commands, yet she must beg to decline going into company, unless she could *do as others did.* I was, therefore, at length, obliged to compromise matters, and stipulate that, to a certain degree, they might conform to the fashion, but should by no means go to extremities. And to this they kept for a few weeks, but by degrees came to a perfect level with the most forward and extravagant of their acquaintance, which I know not now how to prevent. Neither (continued she) is this indecorous appearance the worst of the evil, as upon many constitutions, I fear, it has a most serious and alarming effect, which many of the faculty have lately declared. For though they at all times and seasons go now with only one petticoat, yet in a morning their necks are closely covered up with cravats and shirts, all of which, without any intermediate gradation, are thrown off in the evening, when they have to encounter the alternate heat and draughts of air in a crowded drawing-room, or theatre. My second daughter, I have too much reason to fear, will fall a victim to this mania, as she is far from being strong, and has at times a little hectic cough, and but little appetite; yet, whenever, upon any new engagement, I hint at the expediency of her going a little better clad, she always affects a liveliness and flow of spirits, and assures me she is better, though I can perceive all the time, that it is a forced effort, merely assumed to prevent me from actually forbidding what she knows I wish her to avoid."

"I am afraid," said I, "this rage for doing as others do, is but a practical comment upon the adage, 'One fool makes many,' which may now be more truly read 'One victim makes many;' as I have no doubt that many will thus fall a sacrifice to the idol, fashion." But, indeed, in a politic view, it astonishes me that such a mode of dress should continue a

month,

month, since, however, some enraptured Strephon may be gratified by a view of the charms of his Chloe, yet what passion but *disgust* can be excited in his breast, when he considers that they are alike exposed to the lascivious gaze of every libertine that can thrust himself into a ball or a drawing-room?

As, however, the fashion *à la fille de joie* must, like other fashions, come to an end, I shall, on my next return to England, (which I am again going to leave for a short time) be but little surprised to find it succeeded by that of *a le montagnard*, or the short petticoat and exposed knee of the highlanders, which could, perhaps, hardly be reckoned a greater transition from the present style, than this is from the decent, though not always more fascinating costume, which prevailed when I was last in England.

Your's, &c.

M.

Domestic Anecdotes of King William III. and his Consort, Queen Mary.

WHEN the marriage of the Princess Mary was first suggested to him by his uncle, King Charles II. he opened his thoughts very freely to Sir William Temple, who was then our ambassador at the Hague, on the subject; and they are such as do him the greatest credit as a man of feeling and sentiment.

He acquainted him, "That the greatest things he considered were, the person and disposition of the young lady; for though it would not pass in the world for a prince to seem concerned in those particulars, yet for himself, without affectation, he declared that he was so, and in such a degree, that no circumstance, of fortune or interest, could engage him without those of the person, especially those of humour or disposition. That he may, perhaps, not be very easy for a wife to live with; he was sure he should not be so to such wives as were generally in the courts of this age—That if he should meet with one to give him trouble at home, it was what he should not be able to bear, who was likely to have enough of it abroad in the course of his life;—and that after the manner he was resolved to live with a wife, which should be the best he could, he would have one that he thought likely to live well with him, which he thought chiefly depended upon disposition and education."

He was not disappointed in such a wife, as appears by her letters to him, whilst in Ireland, &c. as well as the whole tenor of her life.

In

In one of her letters to the king when in Ireland, she says,

" I never do any thing without thinking you may be in the greatest danger; and yet I must see company upon my set days, must play twice a week, nay I must laugh and talk, though ever so much against my will. I believe I dissemble very ill to those who know me; at least it is a great constraint to myself; yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost, in the opinion of the world: so that I have this misery added to your absence, and my fears for your dear person, that I must smile when my heart is ready to break, and talk when my heart is so oppressed I can scarce breathe."

In another letter of her's, on the raising of the siege of Limerick, dated 1st September, 1690:—

" I pray God preserve you from dangers—I hear you expose yourself daily, which puts me in continual pain. A battle, I fancy, is soon over; but the perpetual *shooting* you are now in is an intolerable thing to think on; for God's sake take care of yourself—you owe it to your own sake, to your country, and to all in general; I must not name myself when church and state are equally concerned, yet I must needs say you owe a little care for my sake, who, I am sure, loves you more than you can do me; and the little care you take of your dear person I take to be a sign of it—but I must still love you more than life."

In another letter, after the battle of the Boyne, dated July 17, 1690, she writes thus:

" How to begin this letter I don't know, or however to return God thanks enough for his mercies; indeed they are too great, if we look on our own deserts—but, as you say, ' It is his own cause:' and since it is for the glory of his great name, he will perfect what he has begun. For myself, in particular, my heart is so full of joy and acknowledgment to that great God, who has preserved you, and given you such a victory, that I am unable to explain it."—She then writes him a long detail of the administration of affairs, which she hopes he will approve of, and concludes thus:—" I do flatter myself mightily with the hopes of seeing you, for which I am now more impatient than can be expressed, loving you with a passion which cannot end but with my life."

The king was not insensible to such affection; for as he married her from a principle of liking, he continued it during the course of his life; and after his death, a riband was found

tied upon his left arm, with a gold ring appended to it, which retained some hair of the queen's. This was unknown to all the domestics of the court, and was only discovered by the earl of Portland, after the king's decease.

Description of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's (Swift's celebrated Vanessa) Bower at Celbridge.

By a Gentleman who lately made the Tour of Ireland.

THIS island (speaking of an island in the vicinity of Celbridge) is little indebted for variety to any inequality in its surface; yet the water with which it is environed, the intermixture of forest trees, and odorous shrubs with which it is planted, and the healthful verdure of the surface, where, unsheltered, conspire to bestow on it a very captivating amenity.

Some part of the estate at Celbridge, with the mansion and this island, once belonged to the celebrated Mrs. Vanhomrigh; a name that, probably, would be consigned for ever to its Batavian dullness, but for the pen of Swift, which has conferred immortality on the lady who bore it by the softer and poetical denomination of Vanessa. Close to this stream I was shewed this lady's bower, obliged to a small degree of art for having conducted some luxuriant branches of marginal trees for a canopy—for raising a bank of earth by way of seat, covered with such flowers as delight in shade—and for having placed there a few wooden benches, about the size of the human body. These have fallen to the ground, less, in appearance, through the lapse of time, than from the reiterated impulse of external concussion.

The laurel tree is the only standard evergreen here, and flourishes near the bower in great abundance; and it was mentioned to me by one of my fellow-travellers, that when Mrs. Vanhomrigh was mistress of Celbridge, she planted a laurel for every brilliant couplet of which Dean Swift, or her own vanity, told her she was the subject, and he the author. Had the subsequent possessor of Celbridge (continues the tourist) deracinated a laurel for every distich published by *his posthumous editors*, disgraceful to the memory of that singular genius, the island of Celbridge would be destitute of laurel.

MEALS, &c. *of the* ANCIENT BRITONS.

THE ancient Britains ate only twice a-day, making a slight breakfast in the forenoon, and a supper towards evening, when

when the labours and diversions of the day were closed—the last was their chief meal, at which, when they had an opportunity, they ate and drank with great freedom, and sometimes to excess.

On these occasions the guests sat in a circle upon the ground, with a little hay, grass, or the skin of some animal under them, and a low table or stool was set before each person, with a portion of meat allotted to him. In this distribution, they never neglected to set the largest and best pieces before those who were most distinguished for their rank, their exploits, or their riches. Every guest took the meat that was set before him in his hands, and, tearing it with his teeth, fed upon it in the best manner he could. If any person found a difficulty of separating any part of the meat with his hands and teeth, he made use of a large knife, which lay in a particular part of the room for the benefit of the whole company. The servants and children of the family stood behind the guests, ready to help them to any thing they wanted.

The dishes on which the meat was served up, were either of wood, or earthen ware, or a kind of baskets made of osiers; in which manufacture the Britons excelled any other country in Europe. Their drinking vessels were, for the most part, made of the horns of oxen, and other animals; but those of the Caledonians consisted of large shells, which are still used by some of their posterity in the Highlands of Scotland. The *horns*, too, are likewise to be found in many parts of Ireland, descending in some families, like heir-looms, for many generations. They likewise use them in the public breweries of Ireland, to try the quality of the different ales.

ENGLISH *and* IRISH OAK.

TO NATURALISTS.

A Correspondent would be glad to be informed of the different properties of the Irish and English oak, as he has frequently observed insects upon the English oak, whereas the Irish oak, he believes, does not gather any.

J. RIT.

Taunton.

WRITING.

THE art of writing is one of the most valuable. Writing is therefore called the tongue of the hand, and science is said to be the game, and writing the net.

AN ANECDOTE.

FOR Dr. Samuel Johnson, Mrs. Carter, the translator of Epictetus, had a very great esteem, and always spoke in high terms of his constant attention to religious duties, and the soundness of his moral principles. In one of their latest conversations she was expressing this opinion of him to himself; he took her by the hand, and said, with much eagerness, "You know this to be true, and testify it to the world when I am gone."

Dr. Johnson's piety was, no doubt, very sincere, but being deeply tinctured with superstition, was rather of a gloomy cast, and his behaviour extremely rough and morose.

Experiment made to ascertain how long Human Beings can support themselves without Sleep.

SOME years ago a learned professor of the university of Glasgow made the following experiment on himself, with a view to ascertain how long the human frame can endure vigilance; or, in other words, how long he could exist without sleep.

The first night, by walking in his room, and by the assistance of the Scottish cephalic, he kept his eyes open without much inconveniency. The second night, he ordered his servant to be particularly careful not to allow him to fall asleep, either in his armed chair or on the sopha; in either of which cases, the servant had orders to awaken the experimentalist, by the operations of shaking and pulling him.

On the third night he placed himself on a bottle, which was laid sideways on the floor, with a branch of furze on each side; to the intent, that if he lost, under the irresistible force of Morpheus, his balance, the prickles would rouse him up.

This experiment proving too weak against the encroachments of the stealing enemy, the philosopher had, upon the fourth night, recourse to the following expedient:—he placed himself, as before, on the unsteady bottle, and caused two tubs full of hot water to be placed on each side, so that if he vibrated to either side, one of his arms, which he had previously bared, might fall into the hot water, the painful sensation of which, he expected, would resist the power of sleep.

This experiment failed, for it was found, that he fell fast asleep, with one of his arms in the hot water, and the skin completely excoriated. From hence he concluded, that the human body cannot exist without sleep four successive days and nights.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to W. D.'s Rebus, inserted the 28th of December.

AN ITINERANT, Sir, I've brought to view,
Which is the traveller meant by you.

Answer, by J. Woodman, of North Curry, to the Rebus, inserted January 4.

A PAINTER's is your occupation,
I tell you without hesitation.

*** Similar answers have been also received from G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; J. Medland, of St. Bude; and Hester Easter, of Poole.

Answer, by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton, to T. Coumbe's Charade, inserted January 4.

A WOODCOCK is in winter seen,
Which is, I think, the bird you mean.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; S. D. and G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; Corporal Colley, of St. German's; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; P. C. of Dean Prior; W. D. of Bristol; J. Whitnell, of Street; J. Vellonoweth, near Helston; J. Woodman, of North Curry; R. Withiell, and E. Nettleton, of Plymouth; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; J. Medland, of St. Bude; and a fifer of the South Devon Devon militia.

A REBUS, *by J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.*

A Plant of many leaves pray find;
A bird you next will bring to mind;
A Roman measure now expound;
What tailors use must next be found;
A modern hero lastly name,
Whose glorious works have gain'd him fame:
These five initials, join'd with care,
A poet's name you will declare.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

IN early days, to trace my humble birth,
I sprung, like mortals, from our parent earth;
As children stamp'd with innocence appear,
Pure and serene beneath th' attentive ear.
In trappings dress'd, I take a lofty stand,
O'er top the great ones of our happy land;
Alike rever'd by all, for at my shrine
Bends the low peasant, and the learn'd divine.
Now they conform, and make the suppliant bow,
Compell'd by custom, pledge the sacred vow.
The hungry beasts, who range the verdant wood,
With greedy jaws devour me as their food;
Another hint, and then reveal my name—
Consign'd like martyrs to devouring flame.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A STORM AT SEA.

BEHOLD! a sullen gloom o'erspreads the sky,
And rain descends in torrents from on high;
Tempestuous waves exceed their wonted course,
Nor can the craggy rocks withstand their force;
Lo! the fork'd light'nings swiftly fly,
Thro' heav'n's arch'd vaulted canopy,
And thunder-bolts, in dreadful vengeance, hurl'd
From th' wide expanse of heav'n down to this nether world.
Whilst rude Boreas, with a furious blast,
In anger drives each bois'rous wave;
The seaman on the fickle ocean cast,
Strives, with great pain, his life to save.
For soon the rudder from the helm,
The sails and all the tackling's torn;
The deck the billows overwhelm—
This makes the sailor quite forlorn.
" Ah life! (he cries) how dear to me!
How can I from my Dolly part!
My charmer should I leave but thee,
I fear 'twould rend thy constant heart.
How oft I've clasp'd thee in my arms!
In transport view'd thy lovely face;
Oh! say what ardor fill'd my soul,
When thou return'd'st the fond embrace."

He strives the wish'd for port to gain,
He strives! but Oh! Alas! how vain
All his best wishes are!
He's cast upon the rocky shore,
And Dolly thinks to see no more,
And sinks in deep despair.

But brighter scenes attract his eyes,
The clouds disperse from yonder skies,
And prospects fairer still arise;
He at a distance 'spies a sail,
Nor shall his expectations fail:
He beckons, and they quickly come,
And take him to his distant home;
Where faithful Dolly on him smiles,
And with a kiss rewards his toils.
Amidst a jovial race of tars,
He soon forgets his anxious cares,
And flowing bowls, with mirth and glee,
Drown all the dangers of the sea.

Exeter, February 8, 1808. HENRY ELLIS.

INVOCATION TO FANCY.

SOFT as the shades of ev'ning light,
Homeward my wand'ring fancy flies,

Skims

Skims the blue mountain's misty height.
And sails along the azure skies;

What can impede her faithful course?
What can arrest her trembling wing?
Strong as the magnet's secret force,
True as the violet to the spring.

With those I love she rests, she roves,
Their image still hsr path attends,
She treads with them the woods, the groves,
And o'er each limpid current bends;

Dear magic power! a transient bliss
Thy visions to my heart bestow,
Why should the fairy scenes of peace,
So soon dissolve in shades of woe?

Quick as the lightning breaks the gloom,
And strikes the fear-astonish'd eye,
Dark as the cold and cheerless tomb
Thy visions glance, then dimly fly;

Ah linger here, delusive maid!
Give me thy fond, thy flatt'ring joy,
Go, whisper thro' each darkling shade
To those who ev'ry thought employ;

Oh! tell them that my constant heart,
Still flies to them, with them I rest,
And woods and streams can ne'er impart
Charms like their smiles to soothe my breast.

Whisper that 'mid the wearying strife
In which the sons of toil engage,
The wrangling scenes of youthful life,
The toil'ring steps of feeble age;

My weary spirit, like the ray
That gilds the ocean's trembling breast,
Still flies to them each opening day,
With them each closing eve will rest;

In the wide world's tempestuous war,
When sorrow prompts the lengthen'd sigh,
I hail them as the polar star,
That gilds my beaming, tear-fraught eye;

O'er weary moors, o'er barren heaths,
O'er mountains towering 'mid the clouds,
When night rolls on her dewy wreaths,
And veils the moon in humid shrouds;

Still, still, I bless the gentle beam
That guides me thro' each wildering maze,
And, as the dew's descending stream,
Around my path in radiance plays;

Oh give me these, thou blissful power!
Give me thy visions clear and strong,
Still to my heart each changing hour
Thy sweetest dreams of bliss prolong.

Long as my quiv'ring pulses beat,
Shed thy mild influence thro' my breast,
And when death checks the vital heat,
With those I love Oh let my spirit rest!

E. C.